

LIBERTY,

A

P O E M.

By *T. UNDERWOOD*,

Late of St. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Author of the IMPARTIALIST, &c.

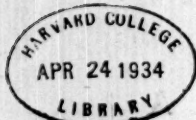
-----*In Vitium Libertas excidit.* HORACE.

L O N D O N :

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THE following Poem was intended for the Press six Months ago (and then nearly finished) but the Author's Indisposition prevented its Publication, untill the present Time.

The Unscrupulous
 LIBERTY.

TH'expected Storm blown over--- the Reviews,
Confed'rate Bravoos, in their *monthly News*
 With mere Apology, for thread-bare Wit,
 Their Force detach'd (a Sign my Lunge* has hit)
 Have *shrewdly pun'd*--- affecting to despise,
 A Stripling-Bard---Themselves so *vastly wise*,

* Vide THE IMPARTIALIST.

And *so well known* --- They're all within our Reach,
 If their good Master, HAMILTON would 'peach ;
 " Give up my Myrmidons (I hear you cry)
 " What ! see 'em mangled with a patient Eye !
 " Run down by ev'ry galling Son of Rhyme ?
 " Excuse me there---*in petto*, they are mine ;
 " *Once known*, these trusty Hirelings, may find
 " A *sep'rate Keeper*---how it goads my Mind,
 " To think this *faithful Crew* of *learned Men*,
 " Should swerve from my Employ, debase their Pen
 " In other's Service ! No, my loyal Clan,
 " Unite as *One*, and trust me I'm your Man,
 " Will long maintain your Prowess---in Repute,
 " Let C-----m be at Helm or curtain'd B--e."

Peace, Manager, your venal Fears are vain,
 Still mask your Tools, on their *dependant Chain*
 Firmly rely---nay, I'll commence their Friend,
 (Since 'tis to answer such a *Worthy's End*)

And with more frequent Prefs-Displays, I'll give
Your Harpies Food,---let 'em regale---and live---
Live---like the Sons of JOVE---I mean you fair,
Accept this Fruit, the soonest I could bear.

Again I start, the pleasing Road explore
To fam'd Parnassus ; ambling on, once more :
My Subject now demands the utmost Skill ;
Oh ! for a CHURCHILL's Vein to aid my Quill ;
But since that flatt'ring Wish, is wholly vain,
And nought of his strong, nervous Pow'rs remain ;
Content us, with that little trifling Art,
Which our own *Clio*, from her friendly Heart
Kindly affords ; and if poetic Fire
Is wanted, to complete my strong Desire,
Give me but Language, to express a Mind
Of English Stamp ; grant me but Thought combin'd ;
I ask no more :---let *Groundlings*, who delight
In *Sound alone*, as Infants do in Sight,

Contemn my Measures, 'cause their nicer Ears,
Prefer a Jingle, though no Sense appears :
Applause like theirs, would make me blush to own,
I would address the Mind, 'tis that alone,
I wish to please ; and sure my present Plan,
Must grateful prove, to ev'ry ENGLISHMAN.
My Theme is LIBERTY---a glorious Aim,
The bare Attempt must bring a scanty Fame.

HAIL LIBERTY ! Thou *summum Bonum* hail !
And if the Wishes of a Son prevail,
Long shalt thou cherish with thy genial Smile,
This happy Spot, our fav'rite ALBION's Isle !
Hail thou, Fair Goddess, how I bless the Hour,
That gave me Birth, a Native to thy Pow'r.
Happy, thrice happy, when compar'd with those,
Whose very Laws are Subjects' worst of Foes :
Let haughty *Lewis* with despotic Sway,
(As Passion or Caprice direct his Way)

Bastile for Life, or urg'd by Thirst of Gold,
 A Fact (though smother'd there) shall here be told ;
 Condemn old LALLY to a shameful Death,
Prejudg'd, then *gag'd*, left with his parting Breath,
 He should have blasted with a righteous Curse,
 His *state-pack'd* Judges, than a JEFFERIES worse :
 Gods ! what an Act ! and shall it pass unknown ?
 Perish my Muse, if I not hand it down !

To *France* compar'd, how happy then our State,
 Freedom the Lot of all, the Poor, as Great ;
 Alike protected by our *charter'd* Laws,
 All rest secure, and bless th'establish'd Cause ;
 Nay farther----to complete our Fund of Joy,
 We boast a Monarch, whose whole Life's Employ,
 Is center'd in that God-like, noble Part,
 (Which claims a gen'ral Tribute from our Heart)
 The Love of all Mankind ; his watchful Care,
 Protects the injur'd from th' Oppressor's Snare ;

And with parental Tendernefs of Mind,
(Though *pre-condemn'd* by Law) e'en Convicts find
His frequent Mercy ; what a glorious Plan !
“ The proper Knowledge of Mankind, is Man.”
On this juft Basis, all his Actions rife,
So GREAT, fo GOOD, that with uplifted Eyes
We blefs th'auspicious Hour, that gave him Birth,
(Gave us a Native-King) the beft on Earth !

All gracious Heav'n, with thy propitious Care
Protect, and grant his long prefiding here ;
May ev'ry Bleffing, Happinefs and Peace,
Crown all his Virtues, with a fweet Increate.
His ROYAL CONSORT, of illuftrious Name,
(Moft worthy to partake his Crown and Fame !)
May SHE with all that Tendernefs and Care,
(A bright Example to our *Britifh* Fair)
Abound in ftricteft Harmony and Love,
Admir'd by all---as fanction'd from above.

May *Brunswick's* much lov'd Race be long our own,
And many future GEORGES grace the Throne.

Under so great a Prince, such envy'd Laws,
(Which from despotic Pow'rs extort Applause)
To what Pre-eminence ! what Height of Fame !
Might *Britons* raise a never-dying Name ?
Would all unite---and for the public Weal,
Exert their utmost Loyalty and Zeal ;
With US not ancient ROME herself could vie,
Nor more attract the universal Eye :
Though proudly stil'd the MISTRESS of the Earth,
Barbarians all, except of *Roman* Birth.

But we, alas ! degen'rate, thankless Race,
Insult those very Laws, our Fame disgrace,
And with licentious Freedom of Abuse,
Madly attack e'en MAJESTY---traduce
His sacred Name, and with an impious Rage,
Defy the Reach of Pow'r---ungrateful Age !

Are these Requitals for a Monarch's Love ?
(The dearest, best of Blessings from above)
Is this the Tribute of a grateful Soul ?
Which ev'ry venal Motive should controul.---
What epidemic Madness of the Brain,
Diffus'd of late, its cursed, baneful Train,
Of hell-bred Monsters, o'er our leading Men ?
(Oh ! may such Times be ne'er reviv'd again)
When Party-Riot foaming in our Streets,
Roaring out LIBERTY to all she meets,
Stalk'd proudly on, disdainful legal Rule ;
Plac'd high in Front---a poor *deluded Tool*,
State-Mad-Cap W-lk-s appear'd, the fickle Mob,
Hail'd him PROTECTOR---PATRIOT---their GOD ;
Bellow'd such Praises to his Deeds, you'd swear,
Their Idol P--- no longer worth their Care :
Pause but a Time---and let Reflection's Light,
Beam on the Mind !---could this be acting right ?

Was this like Subjects Loyalty t'engage,
 With brutal Fury, and contemptuous Rage,
 The Dignity of Kings? insult his Name,
 And brand with *rank Abuse* the ROYAL FAME?
 What Provocation giv'n? declare the Cause,
 Thou *Muse impartial*, were our wholesome Laws
 Defective? that this frantic, head-strong Crew,
 Led on by Faction's ever-erring Clue,
 Rear'd their licentious Banner thus on high,
 And with the *specious Plea* of Liberty,
 Gull'd shallow Souls, into a groundless Fear,
 Our Freedom was assaulted---Slav'ry near---
 If speedy Succour was not brought to aid,
 Our struggling Goddess, LIBERTY! bright Maid!
 Was this the true Complexion of the Times?
 Give up the Truth (Truth may be told in Rhymes)
 Was there this real Danger then---or not?
 So great the Stir, you'd thought a second Plot,

Was deeply hatching by a Popish Crew,
 T'extirpate King, the Laws, and People too ;
 That we poor Heretics must all to Stake,
 Forfeit our Lives for dear Religion's Sake.----
 'Twas but a *Feint*---I grant the Helm of Pow'r,
 Was at that Time (in an ill-fated Hour)
 Strangely committed to a S----- Care ;
 A Wretch devoid of Honour, Love, or Fear ;
 Beyond Conception infamous and base,
 Disgracing in his Life the human Race,
 Perhaps a weaker *ministerial Train*,
Wickea withal, in any former Reign,
 Scarce gall'd our Country, with a Set of Men
 So ill inclin'd---but soft---a CHURCHILL's Pen,
 Has with superior Dignity of Verse,
 A lasting Stigma fix'd, an honest Curse,
 On their Abuse of Pow'r ; suffice for me,
 Thus to declare, in this I must agree,

And join my grateful Plaudit to his Fame,
 His Country's Honour was a glorious Aim,
 And well deserves a never-dying Name. }
 But still I must condemn the *real Cause*,
 That broach'd this Outrage to our King and Laws,
 Must deeply censure with impartial Pen,
 Such *Ways* and *Means*, though from those very Men,
 Who wish'd their Country's Welfare, have been prov'd,
 Our best of Friends, and therefore well belov'd :
 How then could T-- --- poorly condescend,
 To aid such Mal-contents, nay rank as Friend,
 A *Bosom-Friend*, that gross insulting Man,
 Whose whole Life through was built on Folly's Plan,
 State-Bravo W-lk-s, was this a Patriot's Care,
 To storm and bluster thus with lawless Air ?
 Was this respectful Service to the Crown ?
 With rank Sedition and imperious Frown,
 Could they expect that MAJESTY should pay,
 An instant Homage to his Subjects Sway ?

What base Apostacy ! Now learn the Cause,
Why King and Country, Liberty and Laws,
Were thus assail'd---the Helm was in Dispute,
S--- --- our Pilot then close leagu'd with B---,
Join'd with Associates of inferior Note,
So weak, such Dupes, that was I but to quote
Their Names alone, my Ink would change its Hue,
Blushing Contempt of such a servile Crew.
To dispossess these *Worthies* of their State,
Then, mount themselves, the whole of the Debate ;
At length, by Means which they must blush to own,
They gain'd their wish'd for Stations near the Throne
Hush'd our Alarms, appeas'd the mis-led Rout ;
Their Point was gain'd, the *In* became the *Out* :
S--- --- expell'd, or rather, as a Phrase,
(Much better suited to these modern Days)
Having *resign'd* his Dignity of State,
That envied Station, by our *little* Great,

On Patriot P--- we cast a longing Eye,
 Retir'd some Time (though pension'd by the bye)
 All with one Mouth, requir'd his Aid---to save
 A sinking Nation from an early Grave :
 But he oppress'd with Sorrows of his own,
 Declin'd his further Service to the Crown ;
 His Health so much impair'd---I grant the Plea,
 Was just enough---'tis fit he should be free :
 Would you confine a Man, to State-Affairs,
Flannei'd as he, from Toe to very Ears ?
 'Twere Pity, on my Life, to add a Weight,
 A public Load on One in such a State :
 An ill Requital this for all his Care !
 (Don't think I jest) I'm truly serious here.
 And with Respect,---nay, Gratitude of Heart,
 I own his Merit---'twas a noble Part,
 He lately acted for the public Weal,
 Pursu'd such Measures, with that worthy Zeal,

As highly rais'd his Country's Honour, more,
Than long preceding Statesmen had before ;
The Love of all ensu'd, our Patriot's Name,
Was far dispers'd upon the Wings of Fame ;
Already honour'd with his Country's Voice,
The highest Credit, most respectful Choice :
What gross ambitious Frenzy of the Mind
(A strange Propensity in human Kind)
Could prompt him to give up his vast Repute,
And sacrifice his Fame to crafty B---
Accept a Title meant but to controul,
And thus display his Poverty of Soul ?
But hold---without this Offer we had lost,
The ablest Head, and all our Projects crost.
On second Thoughts, We must applaud the End,
And own this DOCTOR PEERAGE, much our Friend :
Anticipation hence---th'Event may prove,
His Conduct still deserves the public Love :

I trust this Honour will but whet---inspire
 Fresh glowing Ardour, and a CATO's Fire,
 That we shall still have Cause to love his Name,
 And *BRITAIN* flourish with a deathless Fame.

May no intestine Broils disturb our Peace,
 May Factions die, and Unity encrease ;
 Let each exert his Pow'r, an honest Love,
 A grateful People ever must approve :
 Let this Contention be the *only Care*
 Who best shall serve his Country, let not Fear,
 Or rank Ambition, warp the gen'rous End
 Of public Good, to turn a *selfish Friend*,
 Act from an upright Principle of Heart,
 From such a Basis, *dare not* to depart :
 Remember W-lk-s that Mad-Cap of the Times ;
 Can we then wonder, that in foreign Climes,
 He's left to linger, having *done his Work*,
 And spurn'd with Rancour, that would damn a Turk ?

I marvel not, 'such be the exil'd Fate,
Of all those baneful Subjects to a State,
Whose Actions guided by a Party-Rage,
Serve only to enflame a vicious Age;
And under Pretext of a gen'ral Good,
(By which their King and Country's understood)
Sow rank Sedition o'er their native Spot,
Almost renewing Times (thank Heav'n) forgot.

Is this our boasted Liberty? for Shame!
Why prostitute her sacred, spotless Name
To such licentious Actions? turn your Eyes
To CORSICA's brave Sons, 'tis their's the Prize,
Who *justly* struggle 'gainst oppressive Force,
To curb their ancient Freedom, turn the Course
Of LIBERTY's sweet Channel---Friends, beware,
The Time's at Hand, avoid th'insidious Snare,
Corruption's Bait, so nicely gilded o'er,
MEDEA, *Sorcerefs* so fam'd of Yore,

Was poor in Wiles, compar'd with present Times,
 Be cautious then, apply my honest Rhymes ;
 The *real Men*, and *Morals* strictly try,
 Examine both with the most *curious Eye* ;
 Nor suffer daily fascinating Treats,
 To lull your Reason by the foulest Cheats :
 Think not a Spendthrift L--- ---worth your Care ;
 Tell me his Merit ? He's AVARO's Heir.

Perish those Villains, to their Country's Health,
 Who thus presuming on their *dirty Pelf*,
 Would lead us Captive, to a shameful End,
 Perish each Agent---ev'ry Canvass-Friend,
 Who dead to Honour, for the Sake of Place,
 Would stab his Country, with the worst Disgrace,
 Curse us with Tools so ignorant and vain,
 As even Folly blushing cannot name.

Be wary then, 'tis now the Time to think,
We stand on Happiness, or Ruin's Brink.
"Wifely and slow, they stumble who run fast"
Apply this Maxim, let it ever last:
With Prudence pause---and when a *meddling* Lord
Calls you his Friend, invites you to his Board,
And *cringing*, hopes you'll give his Nephew Vote,
(Whose Merit centers in his Uncle's Coat)
Reply, with honest patriotic Zeal,
My Lord, consider, 'tis the public Weal,
Must rise (or fall) upon our *prudent* Choice,
If he deserves---why, he shall have my Voice,
If not---'tis fit he keep his private State,
'We're full sufficient curs'd with *little* Great.

This will be acting like a free-born Soul,
Above the Reach of Brib'ry or Controul:

'Tis such a Spirit, as will trump your Name,
 And rank you in the highest List of Fame.
 Fair LIBERTY, which otherwise must die,
 And shortly too (Oh! that fore-boding Sigh!)
 Shall running o'er with Gratitude and Joy,
 Carefs, and love you, as her darling Boy ;
 Posterity must honour, and approve,
 Such dear Concern, with never-dying Love.

Mark the Reverse---ye money-loving Slaves,
 Who sell your Consciences, to shameless Knaves,
 Who hunt Occasion to destroy yourselves,
 (Curse to such venal mercenary Elves)
 That swallow Brib'ry, *without Disguise*,
 And damn themselves, with open Ears and Eyes.

Mark the Reverse---ye Traitors to the Cause,
 Ye base Betrayers of your Country's Laws ;

Your putrid Actions, rotten in Offence,
(Disgusting, pois'nous to each *honest* Sense)
Smell to high Heav'n (where Freedom ever reigns)
'Gainst you on Earth the Forgers of our Chains.

Shame on't, ye Monsters, who in various Guise,
Would rob your Country of her dearest Prize ;
Would drive fair LIBERTY, distress'd, forlorn,
(Regardless of her foul-distracted Mourn)
To seek for Refuge where to lay her Head,
And gain by *foreign* Alms her daily Bread :
If for your Country you have no Regard,
Attend the Warnings of her honest Bard,
Think, e'er *too late*, how scandalously base,
To load with Infamy, and foul Disgrace,
The coming Times, Posterity will rue,
Those dire Effects entail'd by venal you.

Apply these Hints, thus friendly urg'd to all,
Attend the Duties of your Country's Call ;
Exert a noble Ardour, worthy Men,
Act *strictly* honest, and my grateful Pen,
Shall in some future, nay, an early Lay,
Proclaim your Merits to the Blaze of Day !
But should gross Int'rest, with her foulest Tide,
Bear down all Principle, to glut your Pride ;
Take Heed, ye Slaves, I'll probe you with an Air,
Severely keen, and lay *each* Bosom bare
To public Note, I'll hand your Names of Scorn,
And make you curse the Hour when you were born :
NABOBS and LORDS, alike my honest Hate,
Who *indirectly* plot, to wound the State.

Thus pre-advis'd, my honest Friends, beware,
Look e'er ye leap, distrust the lurking Snare :

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By my Directions, cautiously proceed,
 First, know your Men, then, chuse with *prudent Speed*;
 Remember, 'tis your Country's dearest Health,
 Fair LIBERTY'S at Stake---hence fordid Pelf---
 Perish that Wretch, whose mean corrupted Heart,
 For Thirst of Gold, would act a Traitor's Part;
 May he, detested by the Good and Just,
 Live here forbid, be afterwards accurst;
 May Bonds most grievous in a future State,
 His base Apostacy of Soul await!

Pay due Attention to our wholesome Laws,
 On these depend, by these direct our Cause;
 Let firm Integrity of Mind controul,
 Abhor a venal mercenary Soul,
 All private Int'rest, for the public Weal,
 Reject with Scorn, exert an honest Zeal:
 Grant us, with Gratitude, that noble Chain:
 (Keep me, fair Goddess, ever in thy Train)

To honour, and approve, your prudent Skill,
 Give us but those, whose honest Hearts and Will
 Go Hand in Hand, whose first, whose only Care,
 Is Love of Country---what remains to fear ?
 With such Supports, such Bulwarks of Defence,
 Intrench'd with Principle and solid Sense,
 When Measures wisely plan'd, by *honest Men*,
 (O ! what a pleasing Subject for the Pen !)
 To what Advancement---Honour, and Renown,
 Must add a Lustre to the British Crown :
 When Peace and Concord (grant the Time's at Hand)
 Shall sweetly join, to bless our native Land ;
 Content at Home (by Heav'n's all-ruling Pow'r)
 Shall arm, and shield us in an hostile Hour.

Let subtle *France* close leagu'd with Sister *Spain*,
 (If she would brave another Blow again)
 Come foaming on, expect no easy Prey,
 BRITONS, the Glory of the well-fought Day

Must beam on you---if with yourselves at Peace,
Expect the fairest Harvest of Increase ;
Abroad respected, and at Home secure.
Sweet UNITY! thou only lasting Cure ;
Infuse thy Balm, 'tis thy all-wanted Aid
Propitious hear, thou Heav'n-descending Maid !
Grant us thy Light---Happy, thrice happy State,
The Muse, with Gratitude of Heart elate,
Foretells the Blessings under GEORGE'S Sway,
Which then shall visit at an early Day.
The *Lib'ral Arts* shall flourish and abound,
(And e'en to POETRY a Patron found)
Time shall flow on replete with ev'ry Joy,
And sterling LIBERTY without Alloy,
Shall shine superior in Meridian-Ray,
And (like the glorious Sun !) enrich our Day.
Such the Effects of UNITY's mild Pow'r,
Court but her Influence, at the present Hour,

Then rest assur'd, succeeding Time shall prove,
Our Country's Honour and her steady Love.
But if neglected---in prophetic Rhyme,
I croak the Mis'ry of approaching Time.

No more of this---let wholesome Hints suffice,
Act circumspect---be honest---and you're wise.

Here break we off---and now to the Reviews,
With *all Submission*, I give up my Muse.
They say, she's petulant, but is it true?
Good, candid Reader, I refer to you:
Indeed I cannot dread these Lurkers Frown,
Or court their Smiles, and yet 'tis plain the Town
Are much inclin'd to favour or condemn,
As these *confed'rate Wits* will suffer them:
No Matter, 'tis a standing Rule with me,
Impartial as I am, I will be free.

Let 'em puff *Medleys** with a venal Praise,
 (Themselves a Proof, we live in meddling Days)
 And thunder monthly Bulls against my Lays ;
 I value not, 'twere Folly to be hurt,
 By such a *nameless* Clan of Mist and Dirt :
 Besides, 'tis but their Duty after all,
 A Servant must obey his Master's Call :
 Write on, ye trusty scientific Crew,
 It harms not me, and if it feeds but you,
 I would not---by meek Charity I swear---
 I would not you should quit your *letter'd Chair*
 Of critical Importance, hold it still,
 Obey your Orders, execute the Will,
 Of your despotic Lord, and spare or kill.
 I offer you Alliance, as a Proof,
 I mean to act consistent with the Truth ;

* A Publication under this Title some Months ago.

This waits your Test---call a *Senatus* strait,
 Poize well *each Line*---mark that *each Word* has Weight :
 For *once* let CANDOUR hold an equal Scale,
 Justly assay the whole, let Right prevail :
 Not meanly pilf'ring out some trifling Word,
 Condemn *at large*, the rest unseen, unheard ;
 This is *prejudging*, with felonious Art,
 And argues neither Worth of Head or Heart.
 'Tis poorly done, yourselves intrench'd, unseen,
 (Lurking like Brother B---behind the Screen)
 Thus to discharge your missile Darts, and wound
 With monthly Rancour, those on open Ground,
 Who scorn such Covert, brave the public Eye,
 (With Names affix'd) 'tis theirs to judge, and try
 On CANDOUR's Basis, if an Author's Claim,
 To public Notice, and a letter'd Fame,
 Is justly grounded on Desert, or not,
 'Tis their's to judge---What Need then of a Plot ?

A monthly Combination of such Elves,
Who entertain so highly of themselves,
As to presume on polish'd Falsehood's Plan,
To crush at Random that aspiring Man,
Who ventures to display, or well, or ill ;
Let pow'rful Reason guide his honest Quill ;
Or grant him Tool of some state-juggling Knave,
(Curse to the Mem'ry of each Hireling-Slave)
'Tis all the same---these Lurkers in the Dark,
For write they must, and shoot at ev'ry Mark ;
Hurl their Abuse, no Matter wrong or right,
Unknown themselves, mere Bravoës of the Night.
And shall such Slaves (detested be the Thought)
Who work for Pay, and therefore sold and bought,
Usurp Dominion ? Must we then obey,
Submit our Thoughts to their despotic Sway ?
Uprouse for Shame ! be drug'd no more to Rest,
Judge for yourselves, you are our proper Test :

Let not these *Minions*, Slaves to venal Pow'r,
 (Whose only Claim, the Venom of an Hour)
 Controul your Reason, these your worst of Foes,
 Who would a Bondage on the Mind impose,
 These strike at LIBERTY, would cramp the Mind,
 Which bounteous Nature, free and unconfin'd,
 Has lent to all, exert the Gift of Heav'n,
 For this alone, is God-like Reason giv'n :
 With Candour hear, let Equity decide,
 You cannot err, with Reason for your Guide,

This---and no more---in future Walk of Life,
 Let come what may---unknown to ambush'd Strife,
 I'll keep my Road, *Snarlers* with *Lurkers* join,
 " To curse the Freedom of each honest Line ;"
 It moves me not, 'twould but disgrace my Page,
 To answer ev'ry Gnatling of the Age :
 Curs will bay on---when *Cynthia* heav'nly bright,
 Stoops from her Dignity of spangled Night

To notice Mongrels---then---but not before,
I'll make Reply to ev'ry Witling's Roar.

LURKERS adieu---be honest, if you can---
Unkennel one---We're equal---Man to Man.

F I N I S.